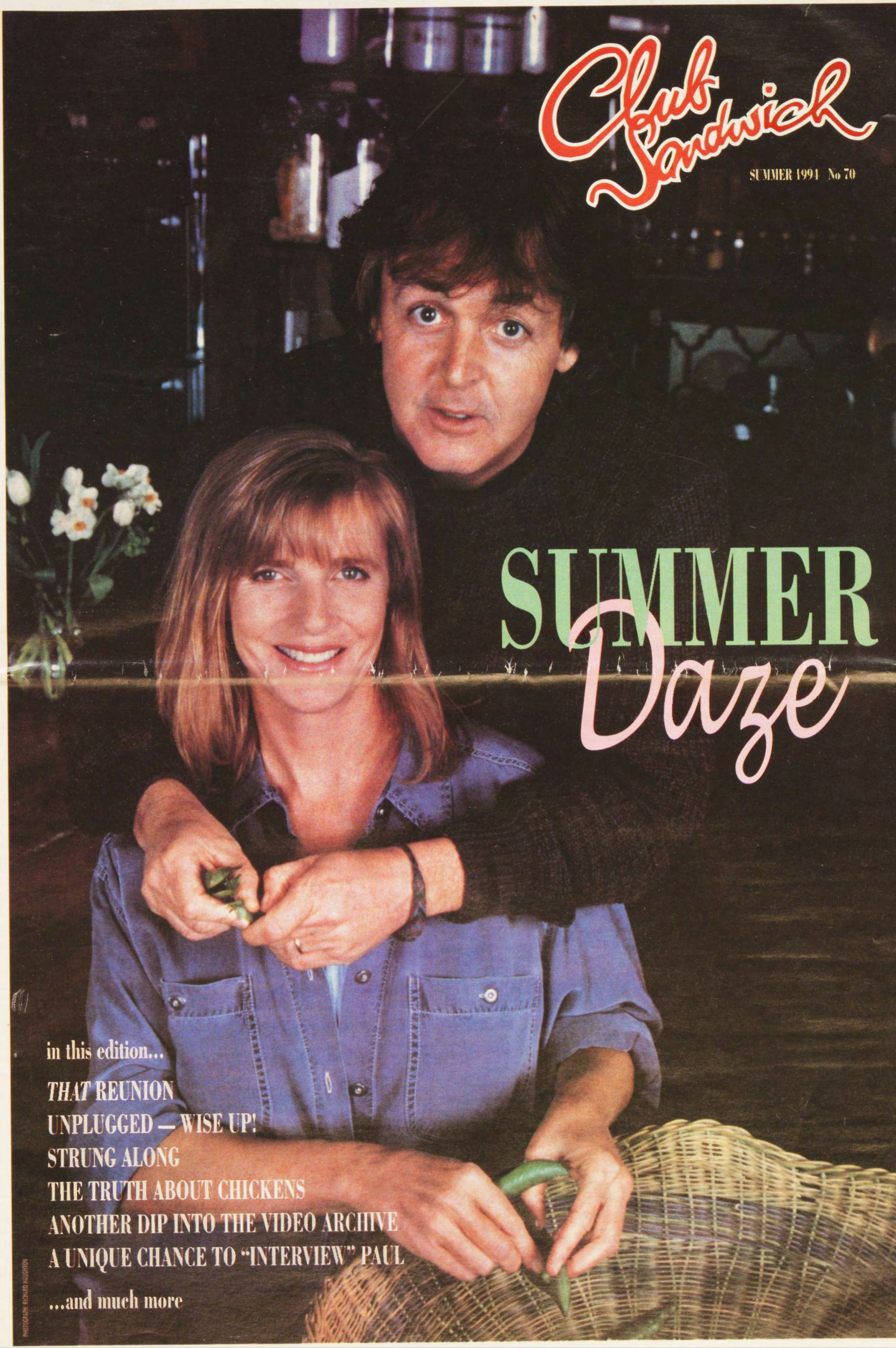
Club Sandwich

SUMMER 1994 No 70



SUMMER Daze

in this edition...

THAT REUNION

UNPLUGGED — WISE UP!

STRUNG ALONG

THE TRUTH ABOUT CHICKENS

ANOTHER DIP INTO THE VIDEO ARCHIVE

A UNIQUE CHANCE TO "INTERVIEW" PAUL

...and much more

PHOTOGRAPH: RICHARD HAUGHTON

SUE'S LETTER

Summer finds us halfway through the year of Paul and Linda's sabbatical from concert performances, a year in which they are quietly turning their attention to other ventures. So this issue of the *Sandwich* has a slightly different emphasis from the usual — combining more photos from our library with a couple of interesting contributions from outside writers. Reader and Fun Club member Wendy Marcec sent us along an essay she recently created for one of her writing classes, and we were so taken with it that we are sharing it with you (see STRUNG ALONG). And we are fortunate in having Clare Druce, co-founder of Chickens' Lib, take us behind the scenes to examine the horrors of the chicken industry in a contribution for AND IN THE GREEN CORNER.

Our other regular slots glance backwards: Geoff Baker takes it upon himself to set the record straight in UNPLUGGED: AN OFFICIAL HISTORY LESSON, while Mark Lewisohn trawls the MPL vault once again in MINING THE FILM & VIDEO ARCHIVE, taking us back 21 years for 'Helen Wheels' and four for 'We Got Married'.

And it is with great pleasure that we are able to trail another innovative feature, coming up in our Christmas issue, where — for the first time — you, the reader, have the opportunity to ask Paul a question you have always wanted to put to him. It should make for one of the most exciting *Sandwich* fillers of all time.

Our congratulations go to the three winners of the draw in the Spring issue, Denise Cohn (Old Bridge, NJ, USA), Servi Stevens (Valkenburg, The Netherlands) and Mark C Walters (Ashford, Middlesex, England). They each received a copy of the CD *MPL's Treasury of Songs — The Rock 'n' Roll Years*, which is not commercially available.

Many of you must wonder what Paul and Linda do with all the thousands of cuddly toys given them by fans whilst on tour, for — as lovely as the gifts are — it would be impossible for them to keep them all. So at the close of the 1993 tour they were shipped back to England, where Linda arranged for them to be donated to the Toy Appeal at the Alder Hey Hospital for Sick Children, Liverpool, of which Paul and Linda are patrons. A very worthy cause, I'm sure you'll agree.

Talking of worthy causes, we've had some great news from Peter Melchett of Greenpeace UK, that follows on from Paul's article on whaling in last issue's AND IN THE GREEN CORNER. Despite the efforts of the Japanese government delegation to spoil the scheme, the International Whaling Commission (IWC) has agreed to set up a sanctuary for whales right around Antarctica. Although this is undoubtedly a great achievement Peter reminds us that Greenpeace still needs your support and your belief for their continued non-violent action to stop Norwegian whaling. However, it is great to report that Greenpeace has secured another very notable success.

Have a great summer.

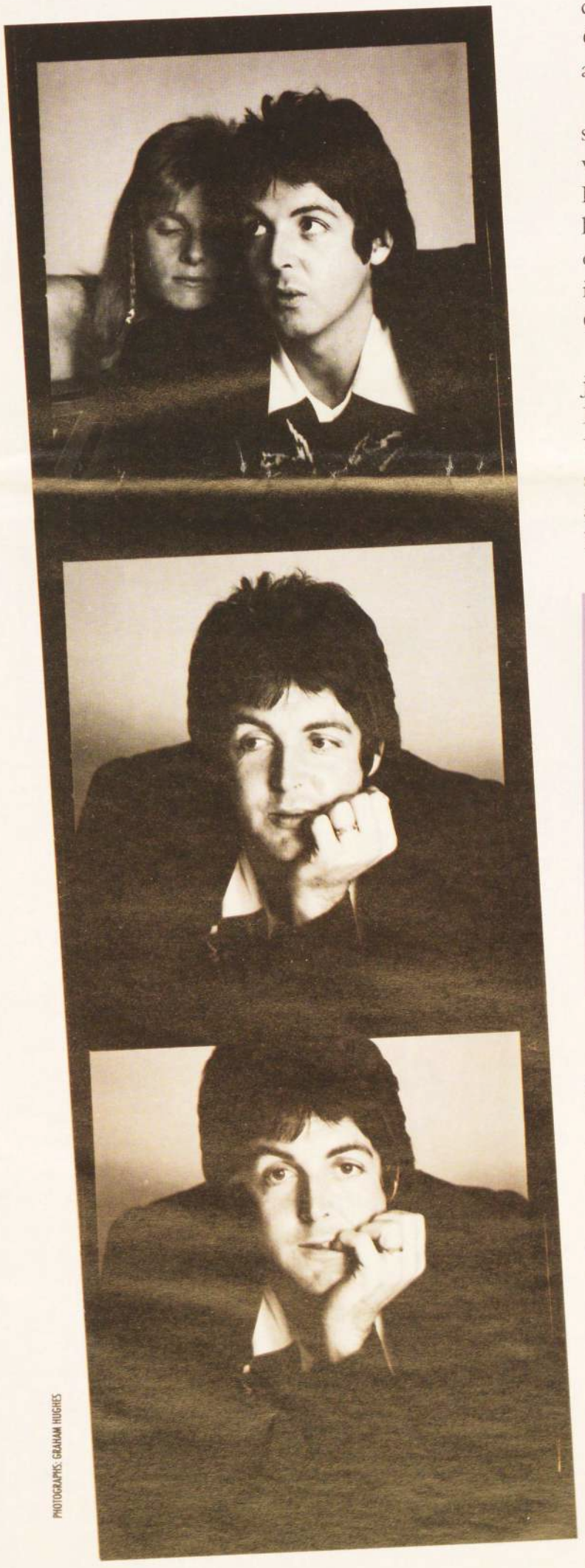
'til next time

Sue

PHOTOGRAPH: DAVID HISCOCK

YOUR CHANCE TO INTERVIEW PAUL McCARTNEY!

You've heard the music, read the books, seen the movies and very probably got the tee-shirt too, but there's likely to be one thing you've always wanted to *ask* Paul McCartney. Well this may be your big chance...



...for in response to requests from you, our readers, Paul has agreed to do something never before done in *Club Sandwich* — make himself available to answer YOUR questions.

To take part couldn't be easier: simply send in the one question you would most like *Club Sandwich* to ask Paul, hope that it is selected in our lucky draw, and we'll put it to Paul on your behalf. The resulting special interview will be published in our Christmas issue.

Your question can be on *any* subject to do with Paul's career, be it the Beatles, Wings, the 15 years since Wings, his songwriting, his musicianship, his environmental and vegetarian beliefs...any topic at all except for his private life.

HOW TO TAKE PART

Ask *one* question only, and send it on a *postcard* to

PAUL'S QUESTION
The Paul McCartney Fun Club
PO Box 110
Westcliff
Essex
SS0 8NW
England.

Your question must be received by 31 October.

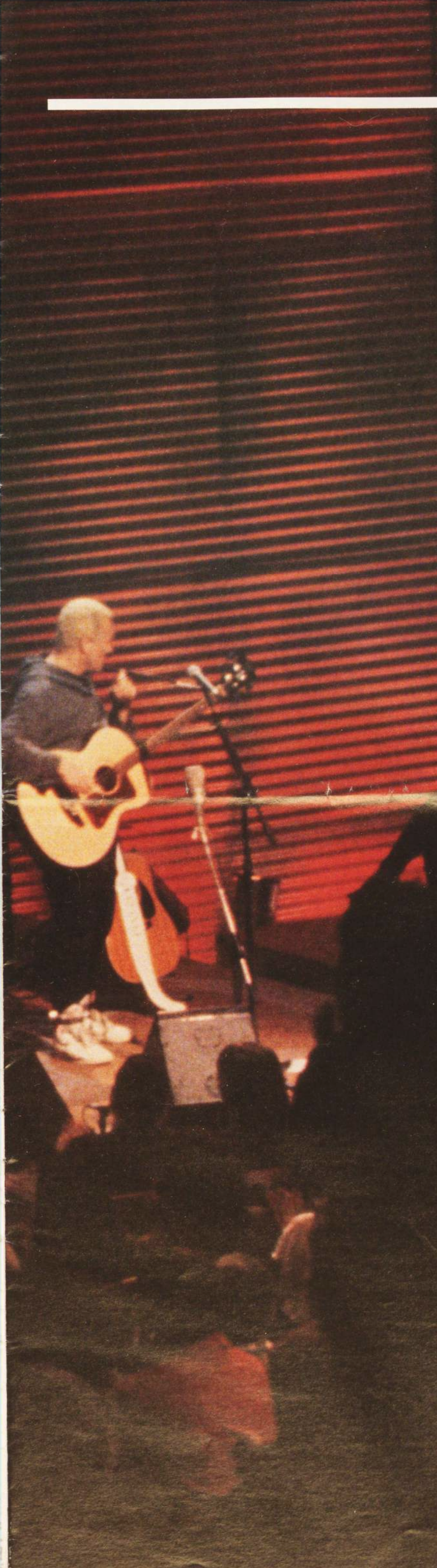
The usual small print applies — that is, do not use your postcard to convey any other Fun Club or *Club Sandwich* request or information, multiple applications will result in disqualification, no personal correspondence can be entered into, and no preferences will be given in the draw.

Best of luck!

PHOTOGRAPHS: GRAHAM HUGHES

AN OFFICIAL HISTORY LESSON

Our bee-in-the-bonnet correspondent Geoff Baker would like to remind the world about something...



My cat is doing *Unplugged* next week. You know, the MTV show where you go on and play acoustic stuff? Of course you know it, it's famous. It's huge. *Everybody* does *Unplugged* these days. Hence, my cat's on it next week.

Not that they've run out of artists. I don't think Stackridge have done *Unplugged* yet. Everyone else has, though. You can't move in record stores these days without falling over *Unplugged* albums. There's Rod and Honest Ron *Unplugged*. REM *Unplugged*, and Pearl Jam. And, of course, there's Eric. What a fuss there was about him doing it. You'd have thought the man had never been heard to play a guitar before doing *Unplugged*. Never mind "Clapton Is God", it's "Clapton Is *Unplugged*" these days.

And that's what riles me. I was in a pub the other day when I got talking to a farmer about *Unplugged*. "Arr," he says, "them's that MTV show that Eric Clacton does, right?" Yes, but...

This remark got me thinking that maybe there's a whole bunch of people out there who think that what the Press call "the *Unplugged* phenomenon" began with Eric Clapton.

As you may be aware, I'm one for putting the record straight, and this misconception niggles me. Not that I'm having a go at Eric, you understand. Not at all. Lovely man. Lovely. (I thought the old lead guitar breaks on *Cream At The Albert Hall* harped on a bit, but that's by the by.)

Anyway, I had a word with Paul McCartney about this — 'this record' straightening bit — but he just said, "Nah, let it be."

I never did do what I was told, so listen up...

Back in 1990, you'd never heard of *Unplugged*. No you hadn't. I *know* you hadn't. *Nobody* had. Back in 1990 if you'd said to anyone, "I watched *Unplugged* last night" they wouldn't have known what you were on about. People would have thought that you'd taken out your hearing-aid or something.

Not that *Unplugged* didn't exist. It's just that hardly anyone knew about it. At that time *Unplugged* was a remarkably little-known show in some awful slot on MTV that nobody particularly brilliant played on. However, as we were on tour at the time and, by the nature of being on tour, you get to watch the awful slots, some of the class of '89-'90 copped this show.

"So what?", we thought, "it's a bunch of guys in a room, playing."

Anyway, a bit later on the World Tour, we went back to the USA for another leg and Paul gets hooked up with this guy called Joel Gallen, the producer of *Unplugged*.

"I want you to do the show," says Joel. "Oh yeah, what show's that then?"

"*Unplugged*," says Joel, "it's something we're trying to get off the ground."

"Oh yeah? Well let's have a look then."

So Joel produces a few videos of *Unplugged* and explains how "it's an all acoustic show...that's why it's called *Unplugged*, the instruments are not plugged in".

Well, call me daft *[I've been waiting years for this opportunity: you're daft, Geoff — Ed.]* but there were *leads and wires all over the place*. Sure, the bands were playing acoustic guitars, but they seemed to have more leads coming out of their instruments than you'd see in the NASA control centre. It looked like a bloody telephone exchange up there.

"Hmm, they look pretty *plugged* to me," said Macca. "Tell you what, Joel, if *we* do the show, we'll really do it *UN*plugged. No leads, no amps, no plugs."

And so, on Friday 25 January 1991 — years before Eric Clapton was even *born*, probably — at Limehouse Studios, Wembley, north of London, Paul McCartney, Linda McCartney, Hamish Stuart, Robbie McIntosh, Wix Wickens and (making his live début with the Macs) Blair Cunningham became the very first band in the world to perform *Unplugged* — in the strict dictionary sense of the word/show.

And if you want to know just *how* not-plugged they were, ask Hamish Stuart about the great blisters he got from playing that acoustic bass; ask Blair about how he all but wet himself with fear because he'd never played with brushes in his life (he couldn't use drum-*sticks* because he'd drown out the band, them being *NotInTheLeastBitPlugged*); ask Wixy about having to learn to play the accordion; or Linda about having to play the Indian Harmonium on account of organs, synths and Moogs not working too great without electricity; ask Robbie and Paul about how they couldn't move a centimetre from their marks because, not having electric pick-ups, they had to keep their guitars on the microphones so that they'd be heard.

And you can also ask the people in Paul's office about the call they got after Macca had grabbed a cassette of the show to play in his car on the way home that Friday night. The call started: "We're putting an album out."

"Sorry?"

"We're putting an album out of the show. Just a little limited-edition thing, like an official bootleg. No fixing, just as it was."

If I recall right, EMI printed just 250,000 copies of *Unplugged — The Official Bootleg* and every one of them sold out within four minutes or something. Whatever, I do know that you've got a fatter chance of laying your hands on The Holy Grail than you have of picking up *The Official Bootleg* these days.

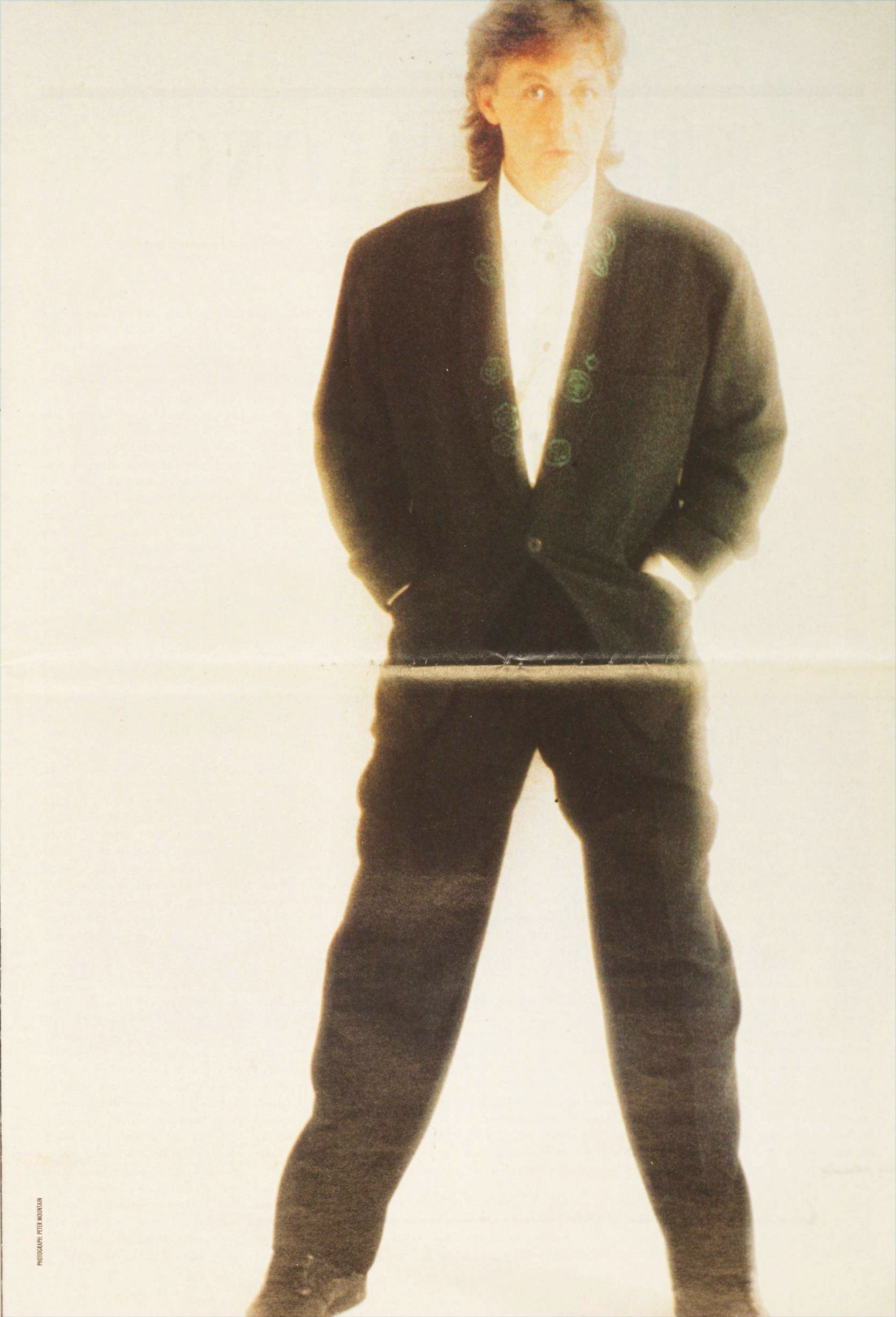
Now, of course it was complete and utter coincidence that record companies were persuaded to get into *Unplugged* after Paul. The speed of the sales of *The Official Bootleg* did not influence them in the slightest.

Similarly, in no way whatsoever could it be suggested that MTV have promoted the fact that "McCartney's done it" in order to entice other top name acts onto *Unplugged* in subsequent years.

And if you read Bob Geldof's autobiography *Is That It?*, on page 343 you'll see that he names the man whom he knew would make all the difference to the success of the worldwide televising of Live Aid. The man who, as Geldof put it, "if he played, millions would watch who would not otherwise watch."

It isn't Eric Clacton.

PHOTOGRAPH: BARRY LATEGAN



PHOTOGRAPH: PETER MOUNTAIN

STRUNG ALONG

***Club Sandwich* reader Wendy Marcec, from Illinois, earned top grade in her writing class with this account of an unusual affair.**

My harmonious relationship with Paul McCartney began during his early years as a rock star, and although many detractors labelled me "just another cheap pick-up", I feel our intimate friendship has been most notable.

Our initial encounter was in my hometown of Hamburg, Germany. My friends and I, being musically inclined ourselves, had no trouble at all striking a common chord with Paul and the other Beatles when they walked into the local music shop where we hung out. Even though there was a slight language barrier, we all found that we could communicate through our music. Paul seemed to be a perfectionist, and I felt sure the impromptu jam sessions he orchestrated were tests to see how accomplished at music accompaniment I really was. Paul also seemed to enjoy the *lieblich* (charming) and upbeat atmosphere our shop afforded him. I knew it was in sharp contrast to the rank, sleazy clubs on the Reeperbahn strip where the Beatles were performing nightly gigs. Paul and the band began spending suspended pauses at the shop every afternoon.

I couldn't tell if Paul was more impressed with my musical talents or my physical appearance, because he began to compliment me about both on a very grand scale. He would tell me he liked the warm, rich sounds I could produce on bass, but he would also tell me he liked my tiny waist and tawny features. I was completely *freudig* (joyous) when he chose me over all my counterparts. We spent a good many hours getting to know each other in that music shop.

The day before the Beatles were to return to Liverpool, Paul picked me up and asked if he could see me alone. There was no place for privacy except for the cramped, soundproof chamber in the rear end of the store. Paul pulled me inside the room and shut the door. I can still remember the pulse of electric vibrations I felt as Paul held me close in the darkness and gently caressed my neck. It was a rhapsody I did not want to diminish. We improvised a song together, and I felt myself go flat thinking it would be our finale. I had no idea that this was just a prelude to the events that would follow. When we rejoined the others in the front of the store, Paul blurted out the most melodious words I have ever heard.

"This one — this little fraulein's coming home to Liverpool with me!" he proclaimed. As everyone stood muted, he winked at me and whispered, "We're going to make beautiful music together, darlin'!". I felt those tingling, charged vibrations again.

Back in Liverpool, my friendship with Paul began accelerating to a *Zunehmend* (crescendo). I became part of the Beatles' "inner circle", and I witnessed the upscale and downscale sides of their music career. John Lennon and Paul were under terrible pressure to keep churning out new hit records. I discreetly assisted them on many occasions. The two composers would sit bouncing ideas off each other, while I rested unobtrusively against the piano or against the studio wall. The tempo of their work would sometimes become so intense that the strain would show on their faces. Suddenly, my presence would remind Paul of the music we had worked out together during late evening interludes at his home. He would once again be energised and activated as he suggested to John, "Here, let's have a go with this bit", and he would pull me close to him and allow me to reveal our little riffs and chords. Although he never told me in words, it was at times like this that I knew Paul was proud of my contributions to his work. I could see the respect he had for me in his huge, smiling, saucer-shaped eyes, and I could feel the love he had for me in his strong, pulsating, sweaty, embrace.

During the height of Beatlemania, Paul entrusted me with carrying the set list of songs the Beatles would perform at each concert. I expressed concern about losing such an important piece of paper. Paul, always the tease, said, "Don't fret! We'll tape it to you, peghead" (Peghead was his pet name for me.) I continue to carry the set list on my frame to this day.

Beatlemania also made me eminent. I sometimes preceded the group into an arena or concert hall. I became very recognisable as Paul's "main squeeze", and my German features stood out in the crowds. I generated almost as many screams as the Beatles themselves!

Beatlemania also brought dozens upon dozens of other young women who were vying for Paul's affections. It was hard for him to resist their attractive proposals, and he became involved in several torrid affairs. At this point, critics began telling me that Paul was just stringing me along and that our relationship would soon discord and strain. Those critics never knew that I was a very important part of Paul's life and his bond with me was much different than the relationships he shared with others. Paul and I have always been in tune, strapped together by our deep respect for one another and for the music we make. Although Paul did, on occasion, pick on me, push my buttons and cause me to resonate with vociferating passion, we always ended any dissonance by playing a melodic love ballad. Paul and I have always been a unique duet.

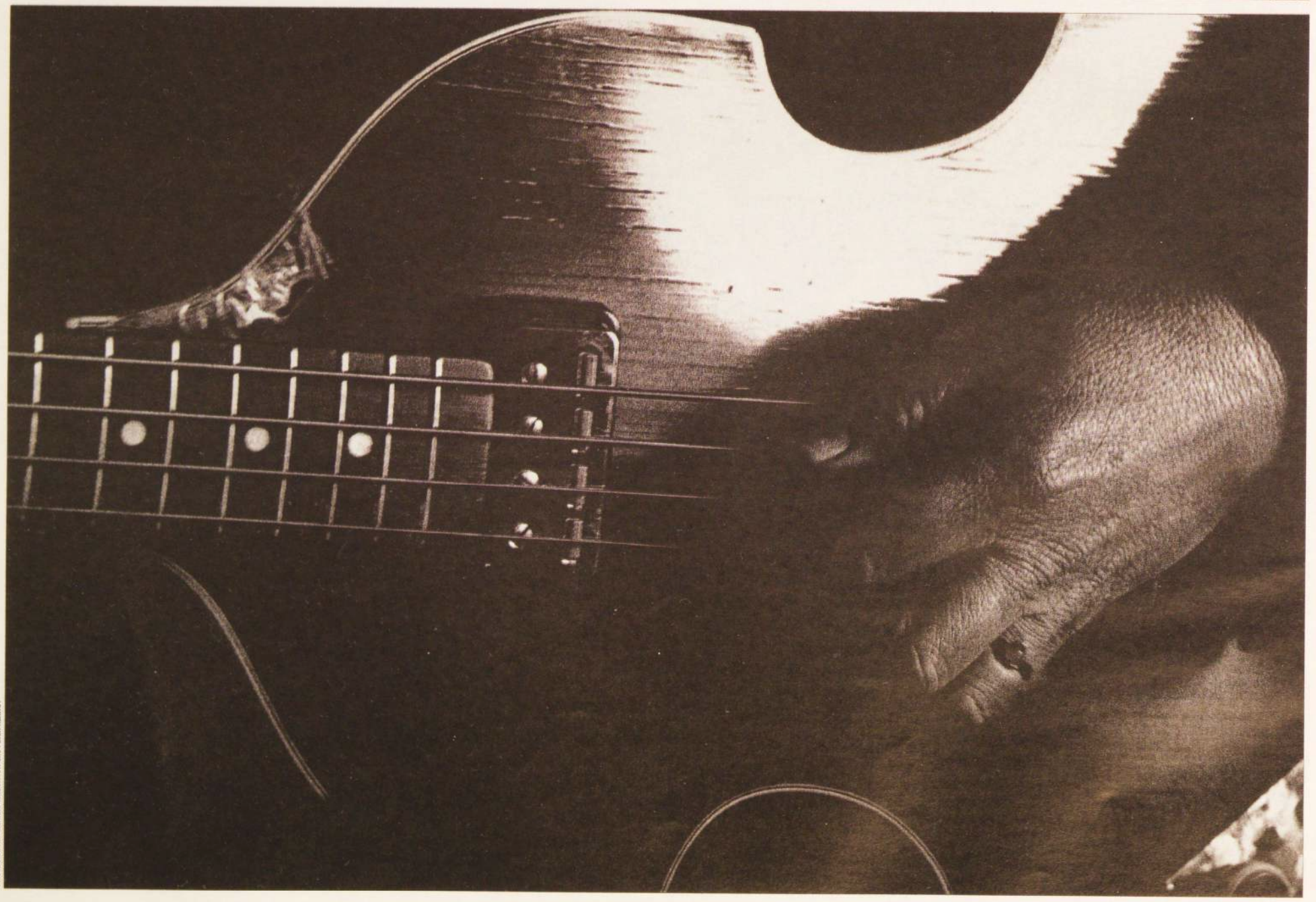
My darkest hours were during the Beatles' breakup. No one could lift Paul out of the despondency and depression he experienced during that period. Things got so bad he could not bear to be associated with anything or anyone that reminded him of the Beatles. As a result, he sent me away. I stayed in England, but for several years I lived encased in isolation and out of tune with the populace. The strings of my heart were broken.

In 1989, I heard from an "instrumental source" that Paul was going to do a grandiose world tour, and that he was going to endeavour to perform many of his venerated Beatles songs live on stage for the first time. I couldn't contain my excitement or remain low-key. I used every measure I could to get a note to Paul letting him know of my desire to be part of his life again. Several weeks after the tour was officially announced, Paul came to find me. We embraced in much the same way old roommates at a class reunion do, and it seemed as if we had never been out of sync. Paul invited me into the living room of his private family home, and we spent the entire evening jamming with Linda, the rest of the band and the McCartney children. Before he returned me to my own place, Paul asked if I would accompany him on his world tour. I resounded with a very sharp yes!

To thwart any tour repercussions or slurs against us, Paul resolved to issue a candid statement about our long-standing friendship. He said, "...she's got a very different sound, and she's very light — that's the greatest buzz about her. She actually alters my playing. I play a lot faster, very easily with her. It's really amazing. It's a very different thing to play with her. I've got right back into it. Can't do some of the songs we're doing on this tour without her." Paul's words repressed even the most insolent detractors, and I found myself back in the tempo with him. Next to Linda, I am still his dominant companion and confidant.

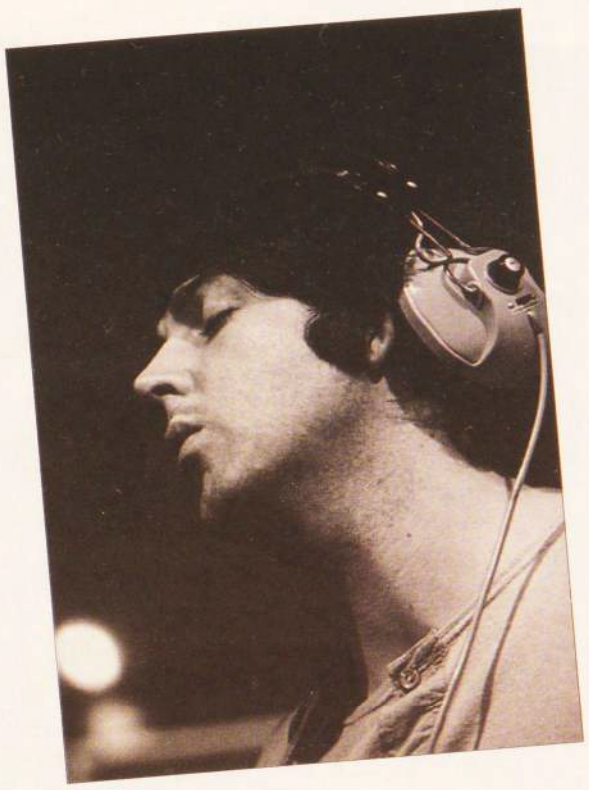
We've played the old songs for new audiences, and we've shared the excitement measure-for-measure. At times, I creak and he croaks, and we are both reminded that we aren't as young as we were when he first ambled into that little shop in Hamburg. Paul's eyes always twinkle with amusement during those intervals, and he reminds me that I should never fret. As he pats me on the back, he gives me a *freudig* smile and says, "Don't worry, darlin'! We STILL make beautiful music together!" I know he's right, and that's an electrifying sensation for me, his 30-year old Hofner bass guitar!

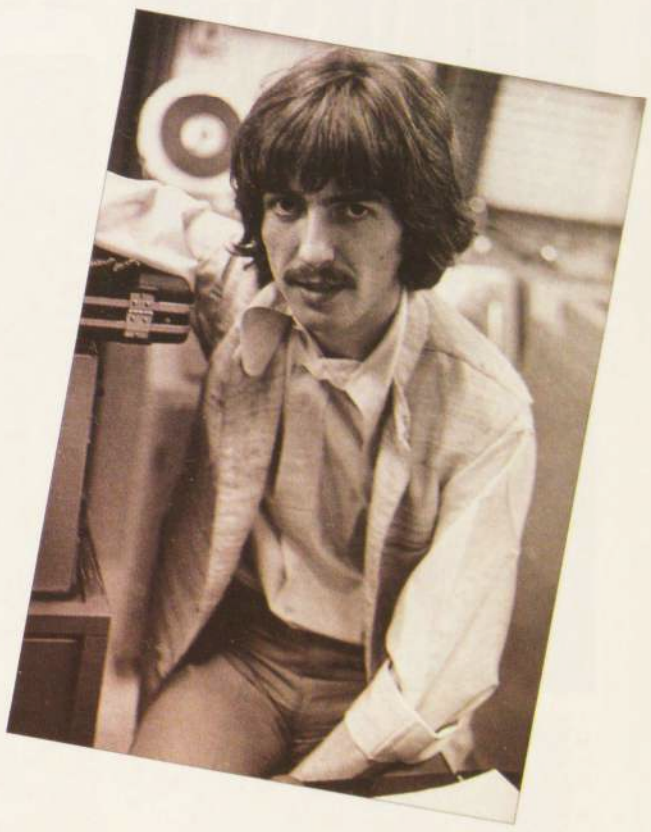
PHOTOGRAPH: DAVID HISCOCK



PHOTOGRAPHS: RICHARD HAUGHTON and PETER KENNOT

...HAVE THEY OR HAVEN'T THEY...?





As the hundreds of rumours and scores of big-bucks offers have amply indicated over the past 24 years, there's one question that just *cannot* be avoided.

"Will the Beatles ever get back together again?"

You've heard it a million times, of course. We *all* have. Even since the world lost John Lennon in 1980, the prospect of a project that would reunite Paul McCartney, George Harrison and Ringo Starr has been more than enough to set the world's media positively salivating.

And this is certainly what we've seen these past few months, following reports that the Beatles' company, Apple, is putting together *The Beatles' Anthology*, a series of TV programmes charting the band's own story, as told (for the first time) by *them themselves*.

But will they or won't they "get back together"? And have they or haven't they?

The answer is that YES, they *have*.

Earlier this year, 1994, Paul, George and Ringo worked together for the first time since 1970, in the recording studio, cutting new music.

You may have to wait a while to hear the fruits of their work, but we're sure (especially after 24 years) that just a little longer won't harm. And we here at *Club Sandwich* have a suspicion that Paul will give us his exclusive angle about what's been happening nearer to the release of the *Anthology*.

PHOTOGRAPHS: LINDA McCARTNEY

HELP!

The Beatles' Anthology

Apple Productions, the company putting together *The Beatles' Anthology*, are keen to trace any rare footage of the group. In particular, they are interested in footage of the Beatles' performances on *Top Of The Pops* and *Juke Box Jury*, and, their 1966 visit to the Philippines. There is, in existence, footage the Beatles saw on Manila TV of the banquet given in their honour by President and Mrs Marcos.

Could anyone who owns, or who has access to, or knowledge of, any rare footage or stills that they think would be of interest, please send a full description (together with their name, address and daytime telephone number) to:

The Beatles' Anthology
PO Box 4UP
London
W1A 4UP
England

A member of the production team may then contact you. (Please do not send actual material at this stage as Apple cannot guarantee to return it.)

(yes)

MINING THE FILM AND VIDEO ARCHIVE

Time, once more, to breeze into the McCartney video vault, waft away the mists of time and consider again a couple of blasts from the past

HELEN WHEELS

Rock and roll and the motor car were obviously made for each other, so well wedded are the sounds of guitar and drums and the image of male cruising down the highway, female at his side, hair blowing in the wind.

Few exponents of the art have been able to resist the poetry in motion notion, and, to prove the point, a full 20 years before Paul McCartney "had a full gas tank" in 'Get Out Of My Way', he was getting his "right foot down" in 'Helen Wheels', the video of which we reappraise in this Film and Video Archive spot.

An unusual song, 'Helen Wheels'. After all, even if you believe the story that Chuck Berry's motoring anthem 'Maybellene' was named after a cow, not many hit singles are named after a Land Rover. And while Americans may take delight in singing about Oklahoma, St Louis and New York, there aren't *too* many hits that embrace the virtues of British towns the likes of Glasgow, Carlisle and Kendal.

Be that as it may, 'Helen Wheels' was all of this. Recorded in Lagos, Nigeria, during sessions for *Band On The Run*, it was issued towards the end of 1973 as a stand-alone single independent of that album. (In America, to be fair, it *was* included, but this was more of a marketing than an artistic move.) The recent departure of Messrs Seiwell and McCullough meant that Wings, a threesome, were no longer ideally suited to the live performance medium, so a promo film was shot which negated the need for yet another visit to the studios of *Top Of The Pops* and other such TV programmes of the day.

In keeping with a deal of Wings' early efforts — what Paul and Linda have often referred to as their "funky" period — the promo for 'Helen Wheels' was a casual, ad hoc business, devoid of intricacies such as a shooting script. Basically, picking up the motoring theme, the film has Paul, Linda and Denny sharing the front bench-seat of an open-top Rolls-Royce, being filmed from a vehicle travelling in front of them. As Roy Benson, who edited the film, remembers, "The footage came into the editing suite daily, over two or three days. Paul would simply bring in the latest cans of film saying 'This is today's lot'. It was all very uncoordinated, very seat-of-the-pants. They simply went out with a cameraman, and also hitched a camera to the side of a car, and let the film run."

That pretty much describes it, actually — the finished print represents three minutes in the lives of three musicians in 1973, driving none-too-steadily down an English country A-road one autumn day. The sight doubtless would have freaked Paul's motor insurers: he's standing-up *and* singing (miming)/mugging to the camera *and* driving a costly Roller at the same time.

But this wasn't quite all, for Wings also went into the film studio to mime some very brief sequences with their respective instruments, Paul playing the drums (as he had on the recording) as well as lead guitar and his *Red Rose Speedway* bass, Denny the rhythm guitar and Linda — her hair in ringlets, and each fingernail painted a different colour (well, this was the Glam Rock era) — the synth. There's one especially funny moment when, after giving the camera a Wings hand-sign, Linda accidentally gives a two–finger salute instead of a thumbs–up. The authenticity of the error is proven by the guilty look and slightly embarrassed laughter which quickly follows.

To say the very least, the Beatles were a hard act to follow, and as Wings were still a comparatively new outfit in 1973, scarcely two years young, band branding was especially important. So in addition to the hand gesturing, the video began with Paul, Linda and Denny unfurling a WINGS cloth banner, and concluded with Paul and Denny returning same its to its folded state. None the worse for this "rough 'n' ready" approach, the finished film easily conveyed the fast moving action of the song and helped push the single to the Top 20 in Britain and the Top 10 in America. Can't be bad.

WE GOT MARRIED

A great song, 'We Got Married', for many it was the standout track on *Flowers In The Dirt*. But it wasn't a single. It *nearly* was, but not quite. Capitol considered issuing it in the United States in 1990, when the World Tour was heading back to America for its first venture around the stadiums. Because of this, the label pressed up some promotional CD singles featuring an edited version of the album cut and MPL put together a promotional video. But then minds were changed and something else happened instead.

So the video for 'We Got Married' is another of rarities in the McCartney archive: well worth looking at but scarcely seen — hence a prime contender for another look-see in this column.

Directed by Aubrey Powell, produced for Propaganda Films by Steve Swartz and edited by Todd Chestnut (that *must* be an American name), the 'We Got Married' film prominently features in concert and on-stage footage. These terms do have different meanings, incidentally, for, while in the USA, Paul and Band took time out to perform more or less an entire show before a minimal audience, not as an advertised tour date but expressly so that close-ups and other camera angles could be shot for insertion into concert films. Knowing that nothing can irritate an audience as much as cameramen clambering all over the stage, obstructing the view and distracting the concentration, Paul realised it would be a good idea if the director get all of his fancy shots done in a private "mock up" show instead.

Like other films of the same era and ilk, 'We Got Married' also shows some off-stage moments: long limousines in the falling rain, fans wielding flowers, flocking to the concert venues and waiting on line outside the arenas, photographers jostling for the best pictures, and, highly appropriately, momentary monochromatic glimpses (from the deservedly popular pre-show film) of Paul and Linda on their wedding day — the silver anniversary of which, it would be remiss of us not to note, was celebrated this year, 1994.

But, as we said, 'We Got Married' never came out as a single in the USA. Imagine everyone on the video production team going to *all* that effort just so that *Club Sandwich* could review it four years later...

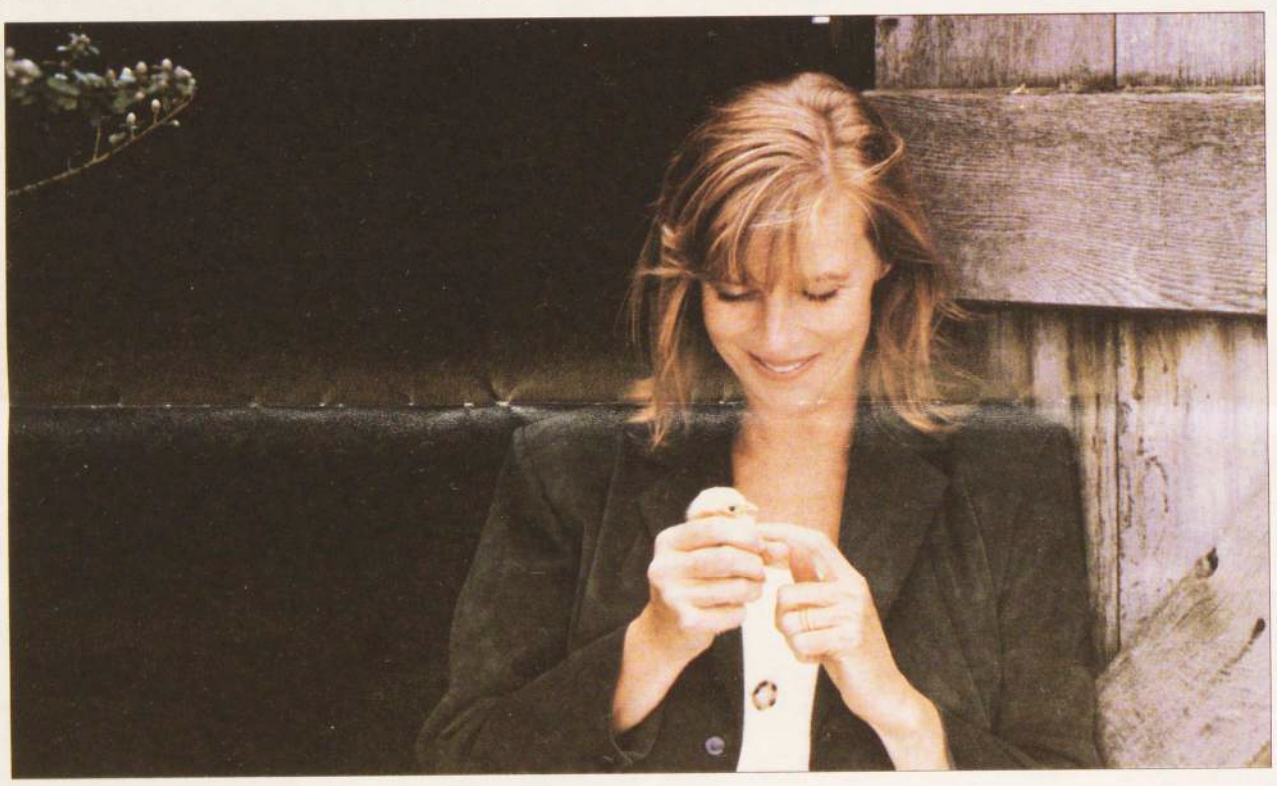
This delightful tapestry was sent to Paul and Linda in March by Fun Club member Dottie Spathis of Raleigh, North Carolina

AND IN THE GREEN CORNER

So, you eat "white" meat as a healthy alternative to "red"? Well, neither you nor bearded Kentucky colonels may wish to face up to this, but the intensive mass production (for production read *destruction*) of chickens is every bit as ghastly as it is for cows, sheep, pigs and other "edible animals". Clare Druce, co-founder of Chickens' Lib and the national organiser of FAWN (Farm Animal Welfare Network), lifts the veil on what's really going on down at your local farm.

Chicken. White and "bloodless". It's massively popular worldwide. The health-conscious are tending to eat less red meat and more poultry. There's even something called a "demi-veggie" — someone who strictly avoids meat "proper" yet doesn't mind eating poultry or fish. Is this logical? Let's take a brief look behind the scenes, beyond the polythene-wrapped chicken on the supermarket shelf, and those deep-fried, roasted or barbecued bits and pieces.

Fifty years ago chickens were chickens. Then humans, in the shape of "poultry scientists", decided to divide the species into two distinct types — those destined to lay an optimum number of eggs (they're usually in battery cages, eventually to be turned into soups, stock cubes, etc, once past their egg production peak) and meat-type birds (broilers). Articles decrying the disgusting state of battery hens are fairly commonplace; much less is known about the meaty broilers, and it's these we're concerned with here.



PHOTOGRAPH: RICHARD HAUGHTON

Broilers *aren't* caged — they're kept in huge, windowless sheds, standing or crouching on litter that's fluffy and clean on day one but eventually becomes a filthy breeding ground for all manner of dangerous bacteria. A single flock can number 50,000 birds, or more. At first, there's plenty of room, but towards the end of its short life each bird has less than half a page of this magazine of floor space to itself. Lighting is dim, ventilation often poor, and the ground on which they stand eventually comprises 80 per cent faeces. And not only faeces — many birds die from disease and heat stress, some to decompose in the litter, often half-eaten by their living shed-mates. Some birds are so crippled that they cannot drag themselves to the feed and water points — these may simply die from starvation or dehydration. The appalling stench that wafts from broiler sheds is partly explained by the rotting carcasses of dying birds missed by the stockperson. He or she *should* remove all "deads" daily, but inevitably some go unnoticed in the gloom and congestion. Over the last year, pre-slaughter mortality as high as 50 per cent has been reported in the UK alone. Imagine! That's 25,000 birds dying within a few weeks, in a single shed.

It seems that the chicken's immune system is breaking down, a natural reaction to the stress and suffering, to the massive vaccination programmes and the reckless overuse of antibiotics. It is finally proving too much for nature to handle, and the chickens are giving up the struggle.

How many people know that most broilers are slaughtered when only *six or seven weeks old*? Chickens can live for as many YEARS, and until poultry scientists came on the scene a chicken of six weeks could still shelter under its mother's wing. Now, chicks of this age are giants, twice their "normal" weight, meeting their death (some 650 million of them, annually, in the UK alone) when their eyes are still baby-blue and they cheep like the little birds they truly are.

Genetic selection accounts for this disastrous change in the chickens. It sounds highly scientific, doesn't it, yet really it is a very crude affair indeed: a case of allowing only the fatties — the ones that want to eat and eat — the chance to breed. And the broiler-shed lights are left on for 23 and a half hours out of every 24, to maximise this time spent eating and putting on weight. That missing half-hour? It's simply to accustom the birds to darkness, so guarding against panic and mass suffocation in the event of a power cut.

This unnatural "selection", to promote rapid growth and extra flesh for the dinner plate, means that the legs of a broiler often cannot support the body weight, a great many suffering leg and feet abnormalities as a consequence. The antibiotics added to chicken feed contribute another five to ten per cent to their final weight. Sadly, the modern chicken is a genetic freak, designed to suffer.

The widespread use of therapeutic antibiotics (ie, those used in veterinary and human medicine, as opposed to the growth promoters) on factory farms is a highly dangerous, risky business, incidentally. Already, life-saving drugs used in human medicine are proving ineffective. Physicians worldwide are expressing grave concern about the overuse of antibiotics in veterinary medicine — dangerous bacteria are getting clever and developing antibiotic resistance. How shall we feel if, in the not-too-distant future, we and our children are threatened by diseases that no longer respond to treatment with modern "wonder drugs"? The sheer irresponsibility of giving drugs to animals merely so that they can survive the man-made conditions on factory farms is staggering!

Even those "lucky" chickens that make it to the slaughterhouse may bear the scars of their miserable six or seven week existence. Hock burns and ulcerated feet (the result of crouching down on filthy litter) can affect some or all of a flock. Few people ever see, or wish to know about, the feet that belonged to the "healthy" chicken they're eating. Hock burns sometimes find their way onto the supermarket shelf, though many are scraped off at the processing stage to hide the evidence of these bacteria-infested scabs. Marek's disease (a form of cancer) may also be latent in a chicken that passes fit for human consumption, because it's not easy to detect in very young birds, and poultry meat inspection these days is a fast and furious affair.

Today's broiler chicken is not INTENDED to survive for more than a few weeks, having by then achieved its most profitable (isn't "profit" a wonderful word?) burst of growth. And herein lies a problem. All chicks must have parents (the breeding stock) and if these are as obese as their offspring they simply wouldn't be able to breed. Reproductive disorders and diseased organs (especially hearts, livers and kidneys) would decimate the breeders, while the cockerels would be too obese to mount the females. The industry's solution? Simple! They half-starve the parents, so that they keep on their feet in sufficient numbers to be able to produce those profitable chicks. In the UK, up to 50 per cent of the birds' rations may be withheld to ensure "nimble" breeders, while in the USA "skip-a-day" feeding is routine and the absence of food for four or five days not unknown. In the words of an American poultry scientist, addressing the audience at a recent symposium, "You can hear the 'tap-tapping' as soon as you enter the unit." This tap-tapping is being made by the birds' beaks as they desperately investigate every available surface in the shed, searching for food.

And the slaughter of poultry is a nightmare. Electric stunners often fail to work properly, birds receive agonising pre-stun shocks, necks of *conscious* birds are cut, a proportion of birds enter the scalding tank alive — these are just *some* of the grotesque day-to-day happenings.

Demi-veggies and out-and-out carnivores — please believe that blood did once flow through your "clean" white chicken meat, and consider the suffering of the broiler that is being "manufactured" just so that you can eat it. Chicken tends to be termed a "health food" or a "convenience food". I call it junk food, cheap in over-the-counter cost but with a terrible hidden price on every bird.

✍ **General information on poultry welfare can be obtained from Chickens' Lib Campaign, c/o Animal Aid, The Old Chapel, Bradford Street, Tonbridge, Kent, TN9 1AW, England.**

Farm Animal Welfare Network has produced a video, *Hidden Suffering*, narrated by Joanna Lumley, which can be obtained for £10 (including postage and packing) from FAWN, PO Box 40, Holmfirth, Huddersfield HD7 1QY, England. It is also available in French and Spanish languages. Please write to FAWN for details of overseas orders.

WRITE AWAY

Your chance to get questions answered

Q

I recently read that Mr McCartney owns the copyright to my state's song, 'Oh Wisconsin'! Is this true, and if so how did he come to purchase it? Also, could you please list the Paul McCartney B-sides which have not been released on CD? I am trying to complete my collection and am looking for the original singles.
Brian Hoffer, Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, USA

Yes MPL owns the copyright to 'Oh Wisconsin' — it was among the titles in the E H Morris song catalogue acquired some years ago.

As for the non-CD B-sides there are quite a few. But excluding the many remixes of otherwise issued tracks and also the contributions to various artist albums, these are the recordings which aren't yet available in the digital format *anywhere* in the world: 'B-Side To Seaside', 'Ebony And Ivory' (Paul solo vocal), 'Give Ireland Back To The Irish (Version)', 'Good Sign', 'Hanglide', 'I'll Give You A Ring', 'Ode To A Koala Bear', 'Rainclouds', 'Seaside Woman' and 'We All Stand Together (Humming Version)'.

Q

Could you please publish the full list, chronologically, of the Grammy awards Paul has received in his career?

Also, the author of the cover illustration for Paul's single 'Only Love Remains' is Bartek Skoczek. I know he's Polish (in my language Bartek is a diminutive for the English "Bartholomew") but I don't know how he came to make this beautiful contribution to Macca's single. Can you please explain how he came to be involved?
Piótr Chrósciel, Warsaw, Poland

Paul's Grammy awards are as follows:
1965, Best Vocal Group, the Beatles for *A Hard Day's Night*
1965, Best New Artist, the Beatles
1967, Song Of The Year, 'Michelle', composed by Lennon-McCartney
1967, Best Contemporary Solo Vocal, Paul McCartney for 'Eleanor Rigby'
1968, Album Of The Year, *Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* by the Beatles
1968, Best Contemporary Album, *Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* by the Beatles
1971, Best Original Score, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, George Harrison, Ringo Starr for *Let It Be*
1972, Best Accompaniment Arrangement, Paul McCartney for 'Uncle Albert/Admiral Halsey'
1975, Best Contemporary/Pop Vocal Duo or Group, Paul McCartney and Wings for *Band On The Run*
1980, Best Rock Instrumental Performance, Wings for 'Rockestra Theme'
1990, Lifetime Achievement Award, Paul McCartney

Additionally, George Martin won a Grammy in 1974 for 'Live And Let Die' (Best Accompaniment Arrangement), and engineer Geoff Emerick won Grammys in 1968 for *Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* (Best Engineered Non-Classical), in 1975 for *Band On The Run* (Best Engineered Non-Classical) and in 1970 for *Abbey Road* (Best Engineered Non-Classical); this latter award he shared with Phil McDonald.

The story behind the cover of 'Only Love Remains' is a long one. (Isn't it always?) To nutshell it, though, the designer charged with putting the sleeve together was Jo Mirowski, English-born but of Polish parentage. When Paul suggested that Jo invite children to contribute drawings of a heart, Jo invited a number of kids from local schools and also asked his daughter and her cousin (that is, Jo's nephew) Bartek Skoczek to have a go. Of the dozens of drawings that were done Paul chose Bartek's. Bartek was around six years old at the time, and was living in London, and as well as being paid for his effort he achieved some degree of fame in Poland for his McCartney artwork when he was interviewed on TV. Bartek is now around 14 and lives in Warsaw.

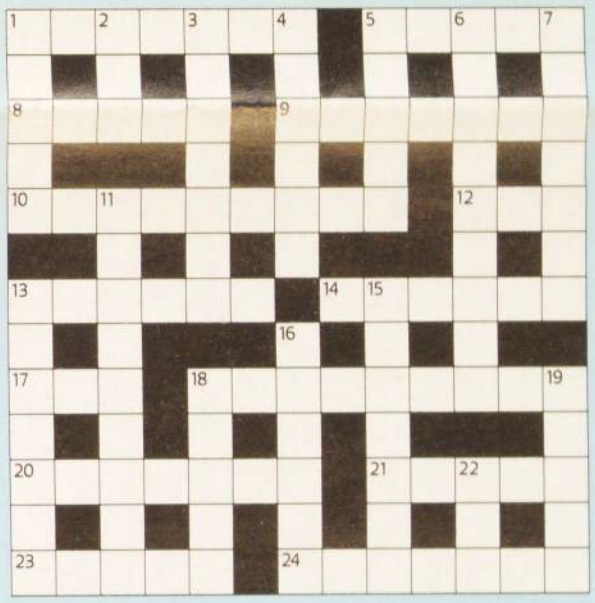
Q

I saw in the TV programme *Movin' On* a clip of Paul working with Hamish Stuart on the song 'Is It Raining In London?'. I would like to know if this is an official single, and, if not, when it might be made available.
Claus Münhenhove, Emden, Germany
(Similar letters also received from Myrna Willerton of Michigan, USA, and Lynne Del Gaudio of Beeston, England.)

'Is It Raining In London?' remains unissued at present. Co-written by Hamish and Paul, it was included in *Movin' On* because the orchestral overdub session for the track took place (at Abbey Road in December 1992) when most of the shooting for the TV documentary was being done, in the run up to the New World Tour.

IF YOU HAVE A QUESTION THAT YOU'D LIKE ANSWERED SEND IT ALONG TO CLUB SANDWICH, PO BOX 110, WESTCLIFF, ESSEX, SS0 8NW, ENGLAND, MARKING YOUR POSTCARD OR ENVELOPE 'WRITE AWAY' IN THE TOP-LEFT CORNER. WE REGRET THAT WE CANNOT RESPOND OUTSIDE OF THIS COLUMN.

SUMMER CROSSWORD



ACROSS
1 New World Tour venue in Adelaide, Australia (3,4)
5 A piece of music that is sung (5)
8 Round close-fitting brimless cap as worn in France (5)
9 An article of clothing (7)
10 NWT venue in Louisiana (9)
12 Jazz fan? (3)
13 Off colour (6)
14 Spiritualist's meeting (6)
17 Greek island (3)
18 NWT venue, San Antonio, May 1993 (9)
20 Any strong feeling (7)
21 The last letter from Greece? (5)
23 ___ *Andronicus*, (Shakespeare) (5)
24 A number from the *Paul Is Live* Video (3,4)

DOWN
1 Sousaphone, euphonium etc.(5)
2 Go wrong (3)
3 Old stager, trouper (7)
4 Body of water cut off from the open sea (6)
5 Poetry (5)
6 A gradual increase in loudness of music (9)
7 Title from *Paul Is Live* video (3,2,2)
11 NWT venue in Florence, Italy (9)
13 Antique, obsolete (7)
15 The study of the relationships between living organisms and their environment (7)
16 Potbelly (6)
18 Sign of the Zodiac (5)
19 Dodge, duck (5)
22 Large Australian flightless bird (3)

SOLUTION TO THE SPRING CROSSWORD IN CS69

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